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The Battle of Manila



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By
Casimer Hrensky

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1899



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COMMODORE GEORGE DEWEY

THE BATTLE OF MANILLA

BY
CASIMER IRENSKY.

pseud. of John F. Sleeper

ANNOTATED BY "S"

1899



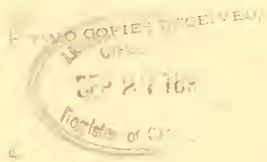
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TO
ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY
THIS ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE THE GLORIOUS VICTORY
THAT SWEPT THE FLAG OF SPAIN FROM THE PACIFIC
IS
MOST ADMIRINGLY, DEDICATED

The Battle of Manilla

Proem

ERE midnight closed fair April in the year of 'Ninety-eight
The misrule of the Spaniard in the Far East faced its fate.
Then the MIXED RACE met the LATIN off the shores of Philippine,
And there the FITTEST triumphed in a manner seldom seen!

'T was then the Asian squadron of the United States
After months of weary waiting, after lingering debates,
Received decisive orders and sought Manilla's bay
To sweep the proud, defiant fleet of haughty Spain away.

Oh! well had Spain deserved the doom Nemesis was to mete!
Intolerance and cruelty followed her treacherous feet,
And violated maidens and assassinated youth,
Writhing on ravaged hearthstones, witness'd her lack of ruth

In Cuba's fertile island and the far-off Philippines,
Where raged anarchic horrors entailing shocking scenes;
And patriots fought like furies madden'd by loss and pain,
Under the fierce fanatic sway of fifteenth-century Spain.

And, foulest act of villainy, malignity, and shame,
Destined to blast forever the festering Spanish fame,—
More vile than the black treachery to MONTEZUMA shown
When confiding to their honor his person and his throne;

More fell than TORQUEMADA's satanic deeds of blood;
More ruthless than was NUNEZ, when in revengeful mood
The Valparaisian hospitals, despite their white flags, felt
The wounded-mangling stroke of shot that savage coward dealt,—

The Battle of Manila

At nightfall, when our sailors lay guardlessly at rest,
A submarine explosion tossed the *Maine* from off the breast
Of Havana's spacious harbor, where she unsuspecting lay,
And left her battered masts and bow projecting 'mid the spray.

THAT prov'd the strongest advocate that Cuba's cause had urged;
THAT hasten'd Intervention, and hostile factions merged;
THAT chilled the kindred Powers who might have lent their aid,
But, estranged by righteous horror, alienated stay'd.

* * * * *

Woe! Woe! unto the PEOPLE when PRIESTCRAFT guides the STATE !
Their cottages and temples shall lie waste and desolate,
As lie the mighty ruins of metropoli of yore,
As forest-tomb'd Palenque and Thebes sand-cover'd o'er.

The avalanche of Progress shall overwhelm them with its sweep,
And drifts of drear Oblivion spread o'er the formless heap.
The breakless lance of Free Thought shall hurl their false faith down
As CORRUPTION smote the idols in old Northumbria's town.

The lightning shaft of Learning shall consume them with its ray,
Or rive them as a torrent tears obstructing rocks away
When down the lofty mountains, like steed urged by the goad,
To where the clear lakes glitter, winds its impetuous road.

* * * * *

Long, Pelayo's ancient country had the mournful truth confessed:
She had parted with her glory, once with strength and empire blessed;
She had trod the path of nations that leads unto their fall;
And Ignorance and Bigotry had consummated all!

Resisting Light and Progress, the upliftment of our day,
Under the blight of priestcraft the declining kingdom lay,
Clinging to the worn traditions of a past mediæval age,
When the blood-drench'd Conquistadors crimson'd Hist'ry's page;

When the Cross upon the pagan was thrust with flame and shot,
And the Inquisition's fires for the heretics waxed hot,
And Thought lay in its cradle, no Free Press for its nurse,
And the right of Might bred serfdom and a hundred evils worse.

Like an evil demon struggling with a champion of light,
With all its hideous weakness apparent in the fight,
Battling with all opposition with a valor long renown'd,
The fierce unreasoning courage of an old Molossian hound,—

A hound whose teeth are broken, a hound whose limbs are weak,
Reckless of adverse powers or what those powers seek—
The proud hidalgo nation, contending 'mid its foes,
Yet strove to seize the Sword of Fate, or turn aside its blows,

All heedless, like Nabonid, of the Hand upon the Wall,
That foretold in flaming tri-graph a mightier kingdom's fall;
For the Arbiter of Nations, far beyond our narrow ken,
Had inscribed the stern Upharsin of the Spanish race of men.

That One who forms the Absolute of all men's jarring creeds
(Dreams of a thousand dreamers, lost in men's selfish greeds)
Foredoom'd their last possessions should quit their grasp like sand,
And the flags of free republics float o'er their ill-won land;

That the soldiers of Columbia should wave the Stripes and Stars
O'er the stained and threadbare banner of the olden Moorish wars,
And the navy of our nation, of a nation brave and free,
Sweep the gaudy red and yellow from the deep Pacific Sea.

I. Augusti's Invocation

In the far-away Manilla in bright Luzon's lovely isle,
Where luxuriant tropic beauty o'erspreads in many a smile,
Where sense-enticing odors float mingled on the breeze
From the aromatic thickets and the ever-bloss'ming trees;

The Battle of Manila

And the people, walls, and dwellings of three centuries ago
View their little-changed reflection in the placid river's flow;
All thoughtless of near peril, few engine-fires prepared
(For never Spaniard dream'd that man would do what DEWEY dar'd!),

Beneath Cavité's frowning guns the Spanish war fleet lay;
Cavité, that huge crab-like claw half-curved round Bakor Bay,
That reaches out, well armed for fight, stone fort and arsenal,
With ordnance in emplacement and on each ancient wall.

There was silence in the barracks, in cottage, and in hall,
And the sweet sleep of security had mantled over all
In the far-stretching suburbs by the Pasig and the bay,
Where the lowly quaint-roofed houses in pleasing vista lay,—

Lowly built to mock the terrors of the fearful seismic pow'r,
Which thrice has caus'd the fatal fall of house and hall and tow'r.
A motley mass of races had yielded them to rest,
Hushed as a smiling infant soothed on its mother's breast.

Secure in its defences that slumb'ring city faced
The peril of bombardment; on its mines its hopes were based,
And the Governor fondly reckoned that the coming Yankee fleet,
Balked in its hostile passage, must draw off in defeat.

“The God of Victories give to us one brilliant and complete,
The truth and justice of our cause demand that He shall mete.”
This was his invocation, *This* was his false appeal
As he cast the gage of battle and unbared the ready steel.

Oh! slaughtered men by thousands from the twelve hundred isles
Upraised them from their gory graves and heard with mocking smiles,
And the prisoners of Cabanas long weighted with its chain
Led forth to trialless dooming, by the Butcher foully slain.

Their flesh red-seam'd by lashes that sank unto the bone,
Long left to rot in dungeons untended and alone,
Their fingers crushed by thumb-screws, their limbs strain'd by the cord,
Constrained to view the misery of wives that they adored ;

And the deported suspects, the slaves of Isle of Pines,
Who died in cruel tortures, worn out in swamps and mines;
Brave MACEO, gallant RIZAL, by treachery betrayed,
The sixty wretched victims that the Pasig's Black Hole made ;

A thousand ravished virgins in the flame-swept Lizard Isle,
Shamed in their dear ones' presence in the most revolting style;
Fair girls and tender women forced garblessly to dance
By the demon Weyler's orders in the soldier's scoffing glance.

And Cuba's half a million of starved and burnt and slain
Have joined in heaping curses on the " JUST " cause of Spain.
What signifies to palter with foes so base as these ?
Cast the War-Sword in the balance and Justice boldly seize.

This blot upon the Nations leaves no clear space for the PEN,
And glittering steel must it erase in the strong right hands of MEN.
This day the Right shall conquer, this day the foeman feel
The tactics taught to DEWEY by the Lion of Mobile.

II. The Ships and the Men

Our fleet was in fine order of seven vessels formed :
The *Olympia*, the finest work by shipwrights e'er performed,
The *Boston* and the *Concord*, the *Baltimore*, *Petrel*,—
The latter lightly framed to meet the ocean's swell

And yet ride shallow waters,—the *McCulloch* and *Raleigh*,—
All manned by eager sailors clam'ring loudly for the fray,
Commanded by our Commodore, GEORGE DEWEY of Vermont,
Who sail'd with Captain GRIDLEY in the flagship at the front.

The Battle of Manila

Six cruisers and ten gunboats and a host of smaller fry
 The enemy had moored, or sailed, near where the batteries lie
 Under the forts of Malaté, of Mileta, Maletón,
 Mirralas, Pasten, and Pillar,—armed well with Krupp's huge gun

And the old smooth-bore cannon, that strangely-fashion'd shone,
 Poised on their ancient trunnions on the dull gray mold'ring stone.
 Those quaint short-range bronze pieces wrought centuries ago,
 Side by side with modern ordnance, deal their first warring blow,

Behind the wood *Castilla*, a rigged three-masted bark,
 That lay beneath strong Cavité, high-hull'd, full-mann'd, and dark,
 Whose fiery-hearted Captain swore in the Spanish way
 That, sooner than surrender, all would sink where moor'd they lay.

Oh! backed by walls and cannon and teeming with brave men,
 What foe could hope for victory that dared them in their den,
 That dared essay to navigate past teach'rous shoals of sand
 And thread the narrow passage of the deep-mined Boca Grande ?

* * * * * * *

There are men of many nations on board our ships of war;
 From North and South and East and West and many a foreign shore,
 They came with ardent courage, with firm unfalt'ring zeal,
 To strike for right and justice, all in a nation's weal.

From the park-encircled hilltop where the wing'd Marble Hall
 'Mid flowers and 'mid fountains its dome uptowers tall,
 Whose Liberty in modelled bronze the loftiest zocle fills
 And views in softened distance the green Virginia hills.

From the vast busy City sprung from Manhattan-land,
 Whose multi-storied structures rise gigantic'ly and grand,
 Whose graceful high-hung air-way o'er-spans the Hudson's breast
 With steel and stone and iron in one merging marvel press'd.

Where Bartholdi's lofty giantess, the gift of friendly France,
Reared on colossal granite fronts with uplifted glance
Each merchantman and warship seeking our spacious bay,
O'er which her torch shall ever shine with Freedom's brightest ray.

From where the Bell unhung and voiceless in the old Quaker town
Rang out its pregnant pealings in its crusade 'gainst the crown,—
The Bell! the priceless relic of the Revolution's days,
That cracked and long dismantled may peal no more its praise.

From the shadow of the column that surmounts the Hill of Breed,
Where our patriotic WARREN was among the first to bleed
For the freedom of his country which, grown glorious with the years,
Forgets not hero martyrs in the monuments it rears.

From the pine and hemlock forests o'er dark'ning northern Maine,
Where bear and moose yet linger, contesting life in vain;
From where the mammoth redwood cast twelve centuries of shade
In the grove of Mariposa in the land where FREMONT stray'd.

From the city strange and ancient with its old square-tower'd gate,
And shell and sand-reared houses of true old Spanish date,
And its fine old crumbling fortress twice held by troops of Spain,
Whose arms carved in its substance, in stone, this day remain.

From where St. Lawrence mazily whirls round the myriad isles,
Gems nestling in a bosom which with loveliness beguiles,
And where the tall Three Sisters, silver-tressed with thawless snow,
Their blunted summits upward from the fair green valleys throw.

And the shadow of the glacier, prism-tinted by the sun,
Whose ever-falling icebergs with unfailing echoes stun,
A frost-chained, hill-high river ever gliding to the bay,
Crushing tons of ice by millions on its slow, majestic way.

From where the eyeless houses of adobe, built alone,
Extend in cheerless acres their dull brown monotone ;
From where the golden harvest biennial yields the grain,
And countless lowing cattle graze on the boundless plain.

From the Grand Eternal Ruin mourning high on Aventine,
The long-erased glories of her famed Augustan line,
Where patrician and plebeian bound in the purple chain
Swelled thirty bucklered legions for many a martial reign.

From the meteor long extinguished, from the classic Eye of Greece,
Where sage and poet dream'd fitfully in the brief calms of Peace;
From the realm of Barbarossa where the green-watered Rhine
Laves the feet of legend'd castles along its graceful line.

From where Nihilism struggles 'neath a despot's iron hand,
Which wends endless trains of exiles to the cold prison-land;
From the northern realms of ice oft-famed in legends old,
Whence Viking hordes o'erswept the seas, wide-seeking lands and gold.

And that forest-clime of VASA where the Troll-King's magic-cap
Veers the wind, tradition tells us, unto all points on the map;
And those rugged mounts and valleys that gave birth to WILLIAM TELL,
Where peasants struck the primal blow for liberty so well.

From the great united kingdom which dominates the seas
And a thousand years has floated its flag upon the breeze;
Where the rose and leek and thistle, all entwined lovingly,
Hold tightly to the shamrock which must and shall be free.

From beyond those lovely islands of arbutus, oak, and pine,
Fair Venuses of nature sprung from the unruffled brine,
Where from its seven smiling hills the City rosied in the spring,
Gold-glitters with the minarets its domed mosques skyward bring.

* * * * *

Linked in the cause of Freedom a medley of the world
Were gathered round the banner for Cuba's cause unfurl'd,
The banner of the colors three, the bright Stripes and the Stars,
Upborne on many a bloody field above Secession's bars.

* * * * *

Far different the forces of the Queen of Austrian strain,
All were natives of the kingdom and dependencies of Spain;
From many a noted city glamored by Moorish fame,
From many a fertile province of proud Iberian name,

Knit by the one religion and united as a ring,
They came to shed their unmixed blood for country and for king.
And men there were from Mancha whence CERVANTES' hero came,
As errant as old Quixote in a diff'rent quest for fame.

From the old sixth-century city set in Guadalquivir's plains
Where pro-mediæval grandeur all-amazing yet remains,
Nestled 'mid enduring sunlight 'mid its palms and orange groves,
While around in girdling silver the grand old river roves.

And the stately old Alcazar, the Alhambra's lovely peer,
From a wilderness of myrtles its noble piles uprear,
Whose darkened marble pavings a brother's blood yet show
Outpour'd by tyrant Pedro in the days of long ago.

And the shadow of the ruins of the thousand tower'd walls
That ring the gloomy flat-roofs an eighth century recalls,
Where the high and broad-plained mountain its summit sunward flings
With the strong-walled old "Red Palace," fond pride of Moorish kings,

For centuries deserted yet fresh amid decay,
Breathing softly of a people swept by bigotry away,
When Ferdinand the foolish cut the arteries of Spain
And the life-tide of his kingdom left her last fertile plain,—

The Battle of Manila

Uplooming o'er Granada, sublime, impressive, still
'Mid the stately snow-robed mountains from its pedestal hill,
With its walls and slender arches reared like chiselled ivory,
And its roofs of pearl and cedar stalactited fair to see.

And its alabaster fountains and its golden-fruited trees,
And its arabesques and carvings, fretwork, and filigrees,
Graced by the columned glory uprising in the air
About the snow-white fountain twelve sculptured lions bear.

The palace of enchantment, the Elysium of the Moor,
The paragon of mansions, assailable in contour,
Where tranced by scents of roses and the bul-bul's rapt'rous song,
Life, like a 'witching vision, gayly fading, passed along.

From where the bronze-armed fishers ply the Biscayan Sea,
Or skirt the bold and rocky shores where winds sport wild and free ;
From the pink and yellow dwellings of Murcia's narrow pale,
Murcia, whose ancient structures dot o'er the beauteous vale,

Murcia, whose hardy miners delving in her teeming soil,
Of a wealth of mineral treasure the cavern'd depths despoil;
From where rock-throned Toledo lifts a grand cathedral spire
To the never-ending smoke-wreaths of her manufacturing fire,

And a myriad of toilers forge the finely tempered blade
That o'er many a field of Europe its wielders' way hath made;
From where long winding mule-trains through Andalusia pass,
Streaming slowly through that " garden," stout stronghold of the mass.

From where Malaga's sweet sunshine kisses the receding sea,
And her perfumed breath of flowers comes stealing o'er the lea;
From the hills of blooming vineyards delighting to the eye,
O'er-greened with rising trellises under a deep blue sky.

The Battle in the Bay

11

An odor sweet and ravishing as the breath of the loved maid
Exhales in the kiss of rapture when the words of love are said;
A view serenely beautiful as is her cheek of bloom
Ere Time hath blanched its roses—premonitive of doom!

From the City of the Statues of departed kings and queens,
Whose inquisitorial fires marshalled sad and awesome scenes;
Whose garden-girdled palace is its only pile of fame,
And whose store of wondrous paintings is the finest man can claim.

From where Valencia's bosom rears her rice and sugar-cane,
And her rampart-guarded city o'erspreads the rustic plain,
And where wall'd Segovia sitteth on her twin vale-spaced hills
'Mid the lowing of her cattle and the murmur of her rills.

From where the "glory of Cordova," Abdurraman's delight,
Like a virgin's drapeless beauty thralls the enamored sight;
Where the cedar and the cypress and the orange foliage wave
In the courtyard of the marvel Saracenic genius gave.

And a thousand lofty columns cast a glittering light and shade
O'er a host of artist wonders, carved, moulded, and inlaid;
That, unlike their mortal builders, have withstood the test of time
Decayless through the ages—both lovely and sublime!

* * * * *

From all these far-famed places, with martial ardor high,
Resolved for king and country to conquer or to die,
Came many an humble peasant and many a proud grandee,
Foredoom'd to rest together 'neath that blood-ting'd island sea!

III. The Battle in the Bay

Oh! proudly swept our ships of battle past Subig's shelt'ring bay,
The *Olympia* and *Baltimore* leading the dangerous way;
And the others slowly steaming, in dark gray rank and file,
Past Patungan, 'twixt the mainland and the lofty sent'nel isle.

The Battle of Manila

Lights in the shell-paned windows for many an hour past
In Manila and Binondo had shone that day their last.
Those colors born of sunlight in the quicken'd womb of pearl,
In the quiv'ring flood of splendor the tropic skies down hurl,

All changeful like the prism, all glorious past a name,
Shall vanish on the morrow in the red reflect of flame.
When we steamed into that harbor (not enshrouded in the dark,
Nor was it what betrayed us, the *McCulloch's* straying spark),

The moon o'er cast her radiance conjuring day from night,
Though azure changed to sable in the weird and silver light.
Unscreened by friendly darkness, daring the hidden mine,
Into the hostile harbor dashed the ships of DEWEY's line!

Then waked the dozing Spaniard to the sense of danger nigh,
And the cannon on Corregidor a wild alarm cry.
And the *Raleigh* sent an answer, far echoing 'long the shore,
And the voice of the mountain islet was raised that morn no more.

Oh! when the white mist curtain rose from off the sun-kissed bay,
And under Castile's banner loomed up the foe's array,
We must have felt that moment as Cortez's little band
Felt when Tlascala's power met their sight on ev'ry hand.

On Anahuac's grassy plain near where Tzompach frown'd,
Their purple and their scarlet plumes ring'd the White Heron round.
Their bronze and golden weapon tips flashed redly in the sun,
Betokening of desp'rate work to do ere day was done.

Our untried warriors felt the fears that ever cross the brave,
But trebly nerve them to the strife though yawns the open grave;
So felt they and so dared they, our steadfast patriot crew,
And into the front of battle our good ships proudly drew.

Swift like the ocean eagle and stately like the swan,
Defying rock and fortress, our graceful ships sailed on,
In a far-sweeping circle each past Manilla runs
All dark with sombre war-paint, the gunners at the guns.

Forth from the enwalled city sounds a challenge to their foe,
But mute in pitying silence, on! on! the war-craft go.
Bombardment meant destruction to the city wide outspread,
And the kind heart of the Commodore, and humanity, forbade.

That heart whose depth of feeling not that stern moment stills,
But recalls the sloping ranges of Vermont's verdant hills,
As his eye with int'rest kindling, o'er the panorama roves
Of Luzon's distant mountains o'er-greened with leafy groves.

* * * * *

The ancient stone cathedral, with solemn, deep-toned charm,
Its time-bronzed bell sways wildly, out-pealing wild alarm,
And the streets of many a suburb resound with hurrying feet
As soldiers march to man the walls against our threat'ning fleet.

Binondo's hundred peoples are grouping near the shore,
And the housetops and the ramparts are thickly cluster'd o'er.
Loud uttered are the curses and wild the useless rage
Of such as burn to reach us and are held as in a cage.

And great is the impatience and deep the secret joy
Of those who fain would help us and Spanish rule destroy.
But there are scenes of terror as well as martial sign,
And hundreds wail in agony and hundreds hope resign.

On the great bridge of Binondo, that bridge of massy stone,
The largest any city of the East can call its own,
A hast'ning crowd is flying, their faces blanched by fear,
Screaming, crying, and bewailing, "For the Yankees will be here!"

The Battle of Manila

And men turn arrant cowards and quake with terror then,
 And maidens hide in cellars and assume the garb of men,
 For the "Yankee hogs" are coming, so AUGUSTI has declared,
 "And man or child or virgin will not by them be spared."

* * * * *

'T was five on that May morning. 'T was just the misty dawn,
 And our squadron cleared for action toward the foe had gone.
 As the vessels neared Cavité steaming slowly "line ahead,"
 Loud rose a sudden muffled roar, as from the harbor bed,

A Niagara of water in deluging sheet and spray
 Leaped up and then descended some few hundred feet away.
 A moment only, saved a ship! Again high-soared the wave!
 Unfalt'ringly the Commodore his onward orders gave.

What cared he if destruction lurked round him and below?
 At the closing of the council he had uttered "I will go!"
 The calm old veteran leader, betrayed no anxious sign,
 But, season'd in Port Hudson's fire, like his Admiral, damn'd the mine.

From the men stripped bare for battle in the vessel's torrid heat,
 From every eager seaman in our confronting fleet,
 From sailor unto sailor, able-bodied or landsman,
 With a wave of bitter feeling a widespread watchword ran;

'T was a deep, hoarse cry for vengeance for the sinking of the *Maine*,
 A war-cry raised forever to the lasting shame of Spain.
 Diverging from its sources as the broad'ning circle's speed
 When, o'er waters struck by missiles, rippling, hast'ning waves proceed.

The trim *Reina Cristina*, first of the Spanish line,
 With colors set for battle gave that sad and fatal sign,
 That sign of solemn portent, out floated on the breeze,
 When man meets man in anger on the escapeless seas.

Then beat the drums to quarters and shrill the bugles play'd;
For his first and final action stood many a man array'd.
Then roared the guns of Cavité, then soared the shrieking shells,
Alas! for the Spanish gunners, theirs not the aim that tells.

In war's o'erawing ruin our dreadful answer came,
'Mid wreaths of smoke and fire, 'mid bursts of spark and flame,
Upcurl'd the cloud of conflict at the cannon's thund'rous peal,
Rock'd as by ocean tempest shook each ship from mast to keel.

'Mid roar of shot and scream of shell we bore on their central line,
While missiles struck and gouged the decks and flame began to twine
Its dark red forky tongues on high from many a deck and spar,
And cries of pain and horror rang piercingly afar.

The eight-inchers in our turrets at five thousand yards away
On Spain's defiant flagship, the *Olympia* made play.
Steering five oblong courses sailed our line manœuv'ring past,
Down hurling death and ruin from each military mast.

Shelling the distant fortress, raking the nearby fleet
With a hurricane of ruin terrific and complete,
Brave Admiral MONTJOJO cannot withhold the praise
The views of such manœuvres in a shoal-fringed harbor raise.

And his eyes in admiration dwelt on the deeds of skill
Of the seamen of the foeman Spain commissioned him to kill.
His great and only error in disposing his array
Was strategic evolution to ignore that fatal day!

* * * * *

Amid the smoke of battle, amid the red war glow,
Two engines of destruction, mann'd by the daring foe,
Frail seeming, weak in aspect, long, darkly-hull'd and narrow,
Lowly speeding, deep in foam, like a swiftly on-urged arrow,

The Battle of Manila

Came darting 'mid the storm of metal, missile, shower,
Employing to its utmost each propeller's agile power.
Those small and sad-hued craft a frightful force enfold
Before whose unborn Titans, wombed harmless in the hold,

The mightiest armored war-ship, whate'er her priceless worth,
Touched by those thunder-wielders, safe-delivered at their birth,
From the grim tubes of steel we fore and aft espy,
Lets flesh and steel and timber in commingling chaos fly.

Death, hovering darkly near, o'er-drops his funeral wing
As our whole fleet's heaviest metal on the two torpedoes swing.
Lo! a huge war-headed missile came droning o'er the sea
And upheaved, as from a crater when the lava breaketh free,

Her prow and stern descending, her deck to splinters torn,
The nearest craft mid-riven, a spectacle forlorn,
Poised high her jagged fractures for an instant o'er the spray,
Then disappeared forever in the waters of the bay!

While a cry of mortal anguish, the death shriek of the brave,
Ascended up to heaven from that abyss of the grave;
And the waters, grandly rolling, closed o'er their sepulchre,
And all a moment after was as if they never were.

* * * * *

Oh! pause awhile and render the tribute of a sigh
For those heroic souls who dared, annihilation nigh,
Though they saw the ghastly spectre and they felt his ghostly breath,
To accept the fearful hazard, play the hopeless game with Death.

(For a true heart mourneth ever when falls a gallant foe,
And Pity drops her saddest tears when Duty guides the blow.
No true man ever glories in the carnage of the fray,
Though Principle may urge his arm his fellow man to slay.)

They lost it,—and they perished, and their graveless corpses lie
 Unsought for and unheeded where they dared attempt and die.
 But while patriotic fire burns in a freeman's breast
 And deeds of fearless daring admiringly are blessed,

Immortal is the warrior, though humble he may be,
 If well he serves his country, though 'gainst right and liberty,
 Iberian hearts shall treasure each unforgotten name
 That deathlessly shall linger on the glory-roll of Fame.

* * * * *

Sped the other craft from danger and sinking gained the shore,
 Her sides a sieve with gaping holes our hail of shot had tore.
 And now the conflict deepens and the wild-fire of War
 Leaped high from deck and mast-head and danc'd on sea and shore.

And shatter'd mast and shiver'd spar out-flaming, crackling fly
 As torches fall, Promethean like, down hurling from the sky,
 Shedding a dim and murky glow where dead and dying lay
 In mangled masses splashed with gore, limbs torn and sliced away,

Impaled with splintering wood that flew about like spray
 When steel projectiles graz'd the decks in that terrific fray.
 Reflecting added horror down from the dun-gloom on high,
 On the fiend's work of screaming shells exploding far and nigh,

While from the ghastly pools that creep o'er decks o'erstrewn with dead,
 Adown each cruiser's battered side pour rivulets of red
 To mingle viewless in the tide while fierce war-cry and dying groan,
 The piteous and the terrible, afar resounding thrown,

Sounded wild and high to Heaven from the water and the ground
 A hellish pandemonium of awe-inspiring sound;
 Like the shrieking of the witch-rout on weird Walpurgis night,
 Like Einherjar fiercely warring on Valhalla's fields of fight.

The Battle of Manila

Like a carnival of demons held in the higher air,
 And the roars of furious lions from the gloomy jungle lair;
 And o'er the riven timbers and o'er hulls in ruins laid,
 With majesty infernal War's with'ring lightnings play'd.

And guns unmoved for centuries from the moss-crust'd wall
 Were hurled as by Porphyriion's hand and shattered in their fall;
 And strong walls rose in dust clouds and drifted o'er the land,
 And gunners writhed and twisted, and frothing bit the sand.

Oh! the foemen will remember the horrors of that day,
 When precious life and treasure were reft from Spain away,
 What time the rav'ning war-hounds slipped the leashes of the Fates,
 And false Hispania's braggarts felt the strong teeth of the STATES.

Oh ye! whose great minds travel far forward of the years,
 View! view! this scene of slaughter and weep your saddest tears
 Of pity for the slayer and pity for the slain,
 For those poor slaves of Error linked in Ignorance's chain,

The essence of whose manhood, the flower of whose youth,
 Is trained in schools for slaughter. Oh! melancholy truth,
 That vigor, health, and intellect waste in the cannon's breath;
 That man's deliberate cruelty dooms hecatombs to Death!

* * * * *

Now the hostile fire slackened, and three ships were bright with flame;
 And one lay stranded on the beach, *Mindanao* was her name.
 Our craft drew off for breakfast, to the fury of the tars,
 Who fumed and swore and grumbled, mad for the feast of Mars.

The foeman thought us baffled, and raised a joyous shout,
 But soon his vain rejoicing gave place to anxious doubt.
 While a space there reigned a silence, a silence chill and drear,
 Such hush as wraps a city, left when noxious Plagues appear.

* * * * *

At a little past eleven the signal was displayed,
And with redoubled vigor for the forts and fleet we made.
Behind the stout *Castilla* moved the Spanish to and fro,
Lying in the shallow water, where all large ships might not go.

A shot transpierced the *Baltimore*, and others wrecked her deck,
And exploded ammunition maimed eight sailors in its wreck,
Our *only wounded of the day* ; while in the Spanish fleet
A *thousand* dead and injured men bore witness to defeat !

Fire caught upon the *Boston*, put out 'mid jests and smiles,
And a shell crashed through her foremast just missing Captain WILDES.
Of ours, one cut the *Reina's* pipe, another wrecked her bridge,
And her masts burnt fast and fiercely as flames a pine-crown'd ridge.

With two hundred killed and wounded, her bravest sailors dead,
Flames fore and aft outstreaming casting round a murky red
On the faces of her Captain and her brave surviving crew
Still faithful unto duty, a firm unwavering few.

Her Admiral gave orders to desert the helpless bark,
Now doomed our certain target, each huge gun's riddled mark ;
CADARSO, her stanch captain, struck by a bursting shell
While fearlessly exhorting, with a score of heroes fell.

MONTOJO quits with saddened eye that hell of smoke and flame,
Which never more on sea shall bear, or flag, or Spanish name.
While 'round despairing seamen test the mercies of the sea,
And strive the distant shore to gain, though chances few there be.

Not that the prowling monster who haunts the Asian brine
Is hov'ring near that fated ship with horrible design ;
The harbor-shark has sunk his fin, no more he seeks his prey
Where bursting shells upheave the wave in fountains o'er the bay.

The Battle of Manila

But the waters seize in cruel gripe many a weaken'd man
Who might have laughed at that short swim ere ever the fight began;
Who gazing up to the blue void as from it to implore
That succor man denied below, drown'd in full sight of shore.

Amid the fall of blazing wood, a hissing, fiery rain,
Amid the endless sweep of shot that lashed the furrowing main,
Bearing his kingdom's banner, erect and void of fear,
As if each rifled missile's wail was music to his ear,

'Grimed with the black'ning battle-breath and stain'd and smear'd with blood,
MONTJOJO, rowed by lusty arms, dares death upon the flood.
He boards another cruiser, her of Antillean name,
Now colors from her mast-head his place to all proclaim.

But scarce a brief three minutes had that defiance waved
Than again the hapless leader and such as might be saved
Betook them to the boats and sea racked by despair and ire,
And left the *Isle of Cuba* swathed in consuming fire.

For every great gun in our fleet turned on MONTJOJO's flag,
And every plank was splinters and every sail a rag.
'Those terrible eight-inchers that sent the *Reina* down,
And our markmanship so deadly, add again to our renown.

So widespread was destruction, our guns were served so well,
That the Spaniards dubbed us demons from the nether depths of hell;
And superstitious terrors unnerved full many an arm
Unshaken by most ghastly sights, and careless of mortal harm.

Again o'er the tossing water churned by that deathly hail
Went the leader of the Spanish, cool, firm, and calm, though pale;
Pale for the death of comrades, bewailing inwardly the fate
Of the gallant crew and Captain who had trod his deck of late.

And now the Spanish fire came straggling slow and weak;
 Into the inmost harbor four vessels steamed to seek
 And burn or sink or capture all of that damaged fleet,
 Deriding, or defying, the fort-fire they might meet.

The *Concord* and the *Petrel*, the *Boston* and *Raleigh*,
 Gave the quietus to our foes that glorious First of May.
 Their fire never slacken'd while a ship was fit for fight
 And the last red-ribboned orange was flaunted in their sight.

The *Antonio d'Ulloa*, ship of that olden time
 When vessels with an iron hull were in their useful prime,
 Pierced by a fateful missile that fired her magazine,
 Rent into shapeless masses, lurched, and no more was seen.

'Mid the crash of an explosion which deafened with its roar
 The medley of appalling din that raged on sea and shore,
 'T was thought two hundred sailors, last moment hale and well,
 All blacken'd, dead, and dying, with her frightful chaos fell.

'T was a sight of nameless horror, a fearful sight to see,
 But the seamen of Columbia gave vent to cruel glee.
 A ringing cheer, Hurrah! Hurrah! we have aveng'd the *Maine*
 And washed that hellish stigma out in the blood of treach'rous Spain.

* * * * *

The lurid light has died away, the sulph'rous cloud ascends,
 And with the viewless air above its black-gray curtain blends.
 The waters claim their fated prey, the dying sink to rest,
 Benignant calms of Peace o'erspread the bay's enruff'd breast.

The sunset's corruscating ray streams a last splendor o'er the bay
 Glowing, as if in righteous rage, on the sad carnage of the fray;
 As if in mockery afar that evanescent orb had thrown
 In red and orange glorying gleam the colors of an humbled throne.

The Battle of Manila

The colors raised that morning high now lying trampled o'er,
That seven hours of naval strife had swept from ship and shore,
As from off Lake Erie's billows in our English wars we swept
The fam'd ensign of Great Britain, long the Union Jack y'clept.

Alas! for the gallant foeman, all sailors true and brave,
A thousand dead and wounded redden the wreck-strewn wave.
Ah! many a white-hair'd parent and many a dark-ey'd maid
Shall drop the tear of sorrow for the hopes of years that fade.

Perhaps some fair fond form be laid where rests the cypress gloom
Who hoped in bridal joys to twine the wreath of orange bloom.
Ah! many a youthful sailor sanguine, brave, and gay,
Eager when dawned the morning to mingle in the fray,

Dreaming of wealth and honors, or the graces of fair girls,
Cold and awakeless slumbers on the corals and the pearls!
His hopes of dazzling promise quenched when flar'd War's beacon high,
And, far from friends and kindred, drawn his lonely parting sigh.

Such hopes are like the Rose-Mallow, Columbia's loveliest flower,
Whose bright hues in the drear swamp born endure a transient hour,
And plucked from off their parent stem lie withering in the hand;
Thus fades the bright illusive show that makes earth seem fairy-land!

Long, Cartagena's lasses the pebbly beach shall roam
Awaiting those dear lost ones to come in triumph home.
In vain Almeria's maidens look seaward from the shore,
Their sturdy sailor-lovers will come sailing home no more.

No more the tender pressure of their sweethearts' lips shall thrill
The rose-cheek'd girls of Cadiz or the beauties of Seville;
For fair Manila's waters have quenched those hearts of flame,
That gave their loyal life-blood for fatherland and fame.

* * * * *

Ten ships all burned and sunken, nine forts dismantled lay,
 When the expiring sunlight shone that glorious First of May.
 Without the loss of ship or man and but one single gun,
 Our Commodore in that brief space a wond'rous deed hath done.

Oh! of feats of ghastly daring performed upon the sea,
 This triumph at Manilla shall the crowning marvel be!
 We know of old the victory the allied Grecians gained
 When the blood of XERXES' host SALAMIS's wavelets stained,

And the haughty pomp of Persia, nurtured with silks and gold,
 Down fell before the pigmy power of a people skill'd and bold.
 That the Dorian LYSANDER triumphed o'er Attic pride,
 When the naval strength of Athens ebbed with POTAMUS' tide.

Their hapless youth meshed in the snare the crafty Spartan laid,
 With thrice a thousand of their lives after the conquest paid.
 Of many a wat'ry field of strife where Carthage, Rome, and Greece
 Astounding triumphs gained, compelling speedy peace.

On the LAKE OF MARACAIBO when there prowled upon the Main
 A horde of English privateers who scathed the trade of Spain,
 Under the fire of fort and fleet, jeering the risk thus run,
 Bold, buccaneering MORGAN burnt both bark and galleon.

At the battle of TRAFALGAR, NAPOLEON's sea-star set,
 But its last ray glittered in the blood the *Victory's* deck had wet.
 The blood of France's terror, the blood of England's pride,
 Pour'd forth to a nation's sorrow when the great NELSON died.

The victory that crushed the coils by Islam's Sultan wound
 About an injured people on classic Grecian ground,
 When the sudden Turkish fire on the boat by Danforth mann'd
 Hushed the strains of peaceful music from the *Asia's* merry band.

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And the fire-wasted hamlets and the mulberries of the shore
Beheld o'er NAVARINO star and crescent wave no more.
We know the signal slaughter in the great Eastern test
When Mongol and Caucasian closed in a death contest;

Where the Frenchman drown'd the Dragon in the waters of the MIN,
But vict'ry *void of victor's blood* like ours has never been.
So DEWEY OF MANILLA Columbia's pride shall be,
And rank with JONES and PERRY, our heroes of the sea;

And Fame that casts her halo 'round all of daring name,
In her Pantheon near to NELSON will his equal place proclaim,
Although the English lordlings, our really secret foes,
Our courtiers in prosperity, may bitterly oppose.

Ho! rear triumphal arches, ho! let the song of praise,
Through all the land resounding, our grateful people raise,
When fleetly o'er old ocean as a sea-bird skims the foam,
Gay with her Asian laurels, comes our *Olympia* home!

Finale

Now hoist the glorious emblem of a New Republic's reign
O'er the islands which MAGELLAN gave to Charles the Fifth of Spain.
(Islands *ours* by right of conquest, islands FREE forever more,
While a soldier grasps a musket or a war-fleet leaves our shore.)

Now leave them to their free-rule as right and reason say,
And warn Europa's harpies, with armaments, away.
Now is our chance for glory,—Oppression's banner furl'd,—
To make our triumph holy, to wonder-stun the world!

Eschew the curseful tending to a kingdom and a crown,
Fostered by growing armies and upstarts of renown;
Renounce the mad ambition that tempts with trade and lands
To cast us from the high place our country now commands.

For noble is the nation, magnanimous and grand,
When prone to her sword of conquest lies a coveted land,
From the whispers of Ambition turns scorningly away,
Nor seeks to found in Eastern Seas a proud imperial sway.

Near the stirring naval theatre, the naumachia of the East,
Where the Lion, Bear, and Wolf-hound, with malignity increas'd,
Surround the dying Dragon, their antiquated prey,
And strive to each spoliarium to drag its limbs away.

* * * * *

Oh! may the time fast hasten when the curse of War shall cease,
And o'er one great World-Nation float the flag of endless Peace;
And may that flag be ours, the first to glad the sight
Of those who welcome Freedom and Universal Right.

Meanwhile o'er all o'erstreaming the gift of Liberty,—
A harbinger of Freedom,—high reared our standard be!
Oh! long its stars may glitter, oh! long its stripes may wave,
The terror of the tyrant and the glory of the brave.

That lovely bright-hued banner, upborne by gallant hands,
Shall flutter on to victory o'er strife on seas and lands;
Victorious prevailing as long as Wealth shall fail
To sap the strength of VALOR, and TRUTH and THOUGHT prevail.

And MANHOOD rise triumphant o'er the base lure of gain
(The curse of prospering nations, their spirit-crushing chain),
For such are a nation's sinews, and such have won the day
In the Battle of Manilla on the glorious FIRST OF MAY.

NOTES.

"The Battle of Manila."

The author has adhered to the older and alternative orthography; largely, I imagine, from caprice. Though it would have been more conventional to have spelled the word "Manila," yet it is perfectly correct to use the double "l." "*Stormonth's*" and "*Nuttall's*" *Dictionaries* both have "Manilla," and "*Zell's*," "*Johnson's*, and many other *Encyclopedias* give the alternative.

"After months of weary waiting, after lingering debates."

The declaration of war against Spain was much procrastinated. For many weeks it appeared probable that the enormity of the "*Maine*," would be condoned like the butchery attendant on the "Virginus" affair in the '70's. The Executive lacked the vigorous spirit and ardor for principle that should animate the head of a great nation; and fears of offending partisans and disturbing business led him to pursue an uncertain, half conciliatory policy. But popular indignation exerted a powerful pressure, and finally Congress forced our timorous and merchant-spirited ruler to assert the will of the people, and war was declared on the 25th of April, 1898, to have been existing between the United States and Spain since the 21st inst., and the Eastern squadron sailed on the same day from Hong-Kong to Mirs Bay, leaving the latter on the 27th.

In reality Spain first declared war, our Minister having been given his passports and a decree published in Madrid.

"'Neath the fierce fanatic sway of fifteenth-century Spain."

It is a lamentable fact, and one that has been productive of most appalling horrors, that the religion, diplomacy, and colonial policy of the Spanish, as well as the mental and moral status and customs of the mass of that people, are closely correspondent to those of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. And what wonder?

Tolerance and unsectarian education alone foster progress, and Spain has never known either in even the most limited degree. Her diplomacy includes the most iniquitous subterfuge and treachery, her religion is unbendingly dogmatical and unalteringly inimical to any advancement of the people, since, as in Italy and Ireland, it is by the ignorance of that people the priesthood thrive; and her colonial administration, corrupt and tyrannical to an extreme, can only be realized by one who has perused the pages of the "*Hist. de la Conquista*," "*The South American Republics*," the many works treating of the wars waged by the individual States of South America for freedom, the ten years' war in Cuba, and the causes of the outbreak in the Philippines, and who has resided in either Cuba, Porto Rico, the Canaries, or the Philippine Islands for at least a number of months.

"Long, Pelayo's ancient country."

An ancient Spanish hero and prince, who, tradition tells us, was the first king of Spain after the Moorish Conquest. Descended from Chindesuntho of the Visigoths, the former invaders of the country, and at the same time boasting the old Iberian blood, he irresistibly attached to him the remnants of both the Gothic and Spanish peoples, and with their aid, waged unrelenting and bloody war on the Moors in the recesses of the Asturian mountains, his standards being usually borne to success. The defeat of a powerful army by his few followers in the narrow defile near Cangas de Onís, led to his recognition as king by many provinces, and his deed of heroism and wonderful victories, together with the benefits he labored to bestow during the brief intervals of peace upon his afflicted country, have fadelessly glorified his memory. Our knowledge of his life is very meagre. It is supposed he died in 737.

"Torquemada's satanic deeds of blood."

Torquemada, chief of the Inquisition, boaster of the death of 12,000 of both sexes.

"More ruthless than was Nuñez."

The abominable act constituting the bombardment of an *undefended* city, such as Valparaiso was, on March 31, 1866, will always be remembered to the eternal ignominy of Spain and Nuñez, her Admiral. In vain the consuls of nineteen nations protested, red-hot shot was poured into an unresisting city for three long hours; hospitals and churches were not respected, the "*Vencedora*" devoting her attention almost exclusively to the former, although the Spanish had requested that white flags be placed upon such buildings!

Much of Valparaiso was laid in smoking ruins and \$10,000,000 worth of property destroyed.

"That hastened intervention which none might then delay."

It is doubtful if the "*Maine*" (which had been sent to Havana to protect American interests in Cuba and also as a demonstration of force) had not been designedly destroyed by a Spanish torpedo, whether any aid would have been extended to suffering Cuba, despite the numerous expressions of sympathy for her ill-used people and disapproval of the barbarous course of Spain. We are a trade-loving nation and there is too great a tendency to "hush up" all that may affect commercial prosperity. But popular sentiment once aroused, much of this mercenary spirit is flung to the winds. Spain's fiendish act at once awakened patriotism and a desire for revenge in all classes and at the same time deprived the offending country of the support of foreign nations, allied by the ties of race, or interest, many of whom possessing navies themselves, could not countenance by open help so shocking a violation of international law and the ethics of civilization.

"Woe! Woe! unto the people when Priestcraft guides the State."

A most eloquent and truthful denunciation, prophetic of doom, of the church-enslaved, be they Catholic or Protestant. So has it fared with every realm of old, permitting the

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ministers of religion to obtain the mastery. Nineveh, Babylon, Persia, Carthage, Greece, Rome, Aztec Mexico, Britain, Gaul, where are they? Under the blighting curse of their spiritual rulers, Intelligence, Virtue, Industry, and Patriotism were crushed out of the masses constituting really the State, and then; then it was but a step to obscurity.

"As Coifi smote the idols in old Northumbria's town."

When the Christian missionaries first penetrated into Northumberland, over which then reigned EDWIN, Paulinus, one of these who had come from Kent with Ethelberga the wife of Edwin, was summoned before the assembly of the nobles to expound the tenets of his faith. Coifi, the high priest of the kingdom, declared that never having prospered by the service he had rendered to the old gods, he was impatient to try the new. No sooner had Paulinus concluded his arguments for Christianity than Coifi donned the forbidden armor and seized the interdicted arms of a warrior, and mounting a charger,—all of which a Saxon ecclesiastic was ordered to refrain from,—he rode against a temple consecrated to the gods and containing the principal idols. On hurling his lance at the chief of these and prostrating them, and emerging unscathed by the avenging fires of outraged divinity, the people rushed to his aid and razed the temple to the ground, and Godmundham, the site of the temple, became famous in England.

"That foretold in flaming trigraph."

Count Irensky has undoubtedly coined the word trigraph from *tri* (three) and *grapho* (to write). The practice of word-coining to meet exigencies is not to be commended as a general proceeding.

"All thoughtless of near peril, few engine-fires prepared."

MONTOJO appears to have imagined our vessels would not enter Manila Bay, and if they did by any remote chance succeed in penetrating to the harbor there would be a ship-to-ship contest. But DEWEY had no intention of standing still under fire; evolution offered immense advantages besides greatly protecting his vessels from the enemy's gunners.

"The God of Victories give to us one brilliant and complete."

The bombastic proclamation of Governor AUGUSTI may be considered as unique in its style as it is mendacious in its statements. A few extracts follow:

"The North Americans, made up of all social excrescences, have exhausted our patience and provoked war by their machinations of perfidy, their treacherous acts and their violations of the laws of nations and international conventions. The struggle will be short and decisive. The God of Victories will give to us one as brilliant and complete as the right and justice of our cause demand. Spain, which expects the sympathies of all nations, will emerge triumphing from this final test, humbling and withering the United States adventurers that without cohesion, without a history, offer humanity only infamous traditions and ungrateful spectacles in her chambers, in which only appear inso-

lence, slander, cravenness and cynicism. Her squadron, manned by foreigners possessing neither instruction nor discipline, is preparing to come to our archipelago with ruffianly intention, robbing us of all that means life, honor, liberty! . . ."

"Vain designs, ridiculous boasts! . . . You will not permit the faith you profess, to be made a mockery, or impious hands to be placed on the temple of the true God,—the images you adore thrown down by atheism. The assailants shall not desecrate the tombs of your fathers. They shall not gratify lust at the cost of your wives' and daughters' honor, nor appropriate property hoarded to provide for your old age. . . . Filipinos, prepare for the contest, and combined under the glorious flag of Spain, covered with laurels, fight with the conviction that victory will crown your efforts. . . ."—*Proclamation of April, 1898.*

"*Oh! slaughtered men by thousands from the twelve hundred isles,*" *et seq.*

The twelve hundred islands are the Philippines. They have never been correctly counted, however, and have been ascertained lately to be still more numerous.

The entirety of this verse and the ensuing half-dozen is couched in vigorous and laconic *exposé* of Spanish barbarity and is not in the least exaggerated, as the following facts will prove: The loss of life in the Philippines can never be even approximately known, for men, women, and children were shot down in many of the islands, especially Luzon, like birds or beasts of game. And there and in Cuba squad after squad of merely suspected insurgents were led outside the towns or into the plazas, and being made to kneel, amid the music of military bands, were shot down by soldiers of the line or civil guards.

Such and more terrible scenes gained Gen. Valeriano Weyler his much-merited appellation of "Butcher." Surely even the ferocious ALVA could not have deserved it more! His shocking inhumanity in forcing a score or more of young girls and women of the best Cuban families to disrobe in the front of his army, and execute dances at the point, nay, the goad, of the bayonet, to the amusement of his soldiers, can never be forgotten or condoned, and could a Cuban mob lay its hands on this miscreant to-day, it is assured his life would be as beyond protection in the streets of Havana itself, as was that of the far less hated guerrilla-chieftain who was recently attacked and slain in that city under the very eyes of our police and soldiers.

The *Isle of Pines* referred to is a large island south of Cuba, in which many rich mines are worked. Despite its swamps and rank vegetation its climate is not malarious.

GEN. ANTONIO MACEO,—one of the most daring and patriotic men that ever yielded up his life for his downtrodden country,—was shamefully entrapped, through the agency of an infamous doctor corrupted by Spanish gold, into an ambushade under pretence of conference and murdered. Dr. RIZAL, the leader of the Luzon patriots, was betrayed and captured, thrown into prison (where he wrote a poem of merit entitled, "My Last Thought," whose theme is his fatherland, and which will be as immortal as his memory in the hearts of his race, and all friends of Liberty), and subsequently shot. By such acts repeated century after century throughout the ages of her existence does Spain continually renew, while she perpetuates, her infamy.

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The "thousand ravished virgins" is no canard, it is an appalling fact. The brutality of the Spanish soldiery (unrestrained by their often no less culpable officers) towards the Cuban females is horrifying. They outraged even little children of that sex on the very roads! they entered houses and stripped daughters and sisters in the presence of their helpless parents and brothers, made each the prey of dozens, and then when their victims lay in merciful unconsciousness on the floor, applied the torch to the dwellings, of which the charred and smoking ruins were shortly to hide living and dead alike in a fiery sepulchre.

Nor is the loss of life in Cuba (the "Lizard Isle," so appellation from its curious outline) overestimated. Fire, famine, exposure, disease, and the exterminating sword, during the last thirty years, have swept away far more than half a million.

Torture also played its horrible part in Spain's iron despotism. Thumb-screws, the rack, suspending cords, were found in Morro Castle and Cabanas Prison, bearing traces of recent use, thus confirming the statements of Cubans who had affirmed they were sufferers from the application of these instruments of old-time cruelty. The Black Hole referred to constitutes an instance of signal atrocity second only to that of Calcutta. Towards the fall of 1896 a hundred captured Filipinos of Luzon were forced by the Spanish troops into a single small cell in an old fort near the banks of the Pasig River, and during the single ensuing night, the crowding of the multitude, the lack of air, and the effects of thirst destroyed no less than sixty of the unfortunates.

The subject could be indefinitely prolonged; but enough has been said to convey an idea to the reader of the character of the nation with whom we were about to war, and of the unspeakable misery of the people under their absolute sway.

"The Lion of Mobile."

FARRAGUT, so called here from his great victory.

"The Ships and the Men."

The author tells me he has forbore to dwell on the captains of the vessels out of respect to their probable wishes. The fanciful picturing of the places from whence the crews came is rather too diffuse, to my mind,—others have highly praised it.

"Would sink where moored they lay."

His vessel and part of his crew did so, but not CAPTAIN OLIVIA!

"And thread the narrow passage of the deep-mined Boca Grande."

The Boca Grande is the southern of the three channels leading to Manila Bay; it is two miles wide and very deep. It was plentifully mined, but the great depth of the water rendered these defences inert.

The "Olympia," the finest work that shipwrights e'er performed."

She is the most admirably built protected cruiser at present in service.

The following is a tabulated statement of the data relating to our fleet :—

Name.	Built.	Class.	Length, ft.	Breadth, ft.	No. of men.	Captain.	Speed, knots.	Protection.	Armament.
Olympia	1891-2	Prot'd Cruiser.	240	53	446	Gridley.	20-21½	Steel deck plates, barbettes and shields, 32 in. cellulose belt, 15½ in. Semiprotected deck.	8-in. 6-in. 5-in. 6 lb. 3 lb. 1 lb. 1 lb. Gat. T.T. b.l. r.f. r.f. r.f. r.f. r.f. r.f.
Falmouth	1888	" "	327½	49½	305	Dyer.	20½	Light armored deck.	4 — 10 — — 6 — 4 6
Lebanon	1884	" "	271½	42	284	Wildes.	15½	Light armored deck.	2 6 — 2 3 (23-lb.) 2 —
Concord	1890	Gunboat.	280	36	159	Walker.	10½-17	Light armored deck.	— 6 — 2 2 (23-lb.) 2 2
Raleigh	1889	Prot'd Cruiser.	300	42	205	Coghlan.	19	Light armored deck.	— 1r.f. 10 8 — 4 2 6
Petrel	1888	Gunboat.	176½	32	100	Wood.	12-13	Arm. deck.	— 4 — — 2 1 2 2
McClulloch	1888	Dispatch boat.	176½	—	120	Hodgson.	14	None.	Only 4 4-in. guns.

ABBREVIATIONS.—b.l., Breech-loaders; r.f., Rapid-fire guns; r.c., Revolving Cannon; Gat., Gatlings; T.T., Torpedo Tubes.

"Under the forts of Malaita," etc.

These are only the larger forts immediately about Cavité (pronounced *Kah-vee-tay*). There were many others of less note at greater distance and variously armed.

The armed and more important vessels of the Spanish fleet were :—

Name.	Built.	Class.	Length, ft.	Breadth, ft.	No. of men.	Captain.	Speed, knots.	Protection.	Armament.
Reina Christina.	1887	Arm. Cruiser.	280	43	370	Cadaro.	17½	Armor.	6.62-in. H.'s, 2.7-in. H.'s, 3.6 lb., 2.4 lb., 6.3 lb. r. f., 2 m. g., 5 T.T.
Castilla	1881	Wood	246	46	314	de Oliva.	14	Unprotected.	4.5-in. K., 2.47-in. K., 2.34-in. guns, 2.2 lb. in. K., 8 r. f., 4 lb. r. c., 2 T.T.
Don d'Ulloa	1887	3d-class "	210	32	173	Robon.	14	"	4.4-in. H.'s, 3.2 lb. r. f., 12.5 lb. r. f., 4 lb. r. c., 2 T.T.
Don J. d'Alzola	1879	"	210	32	—	Concha.	14	4-to 8-in. arm. belt.	2 T.T.
Isla de Cuba	1886	Prot'd "	185	30	164	Rigalado.	15	Steel plates and towers.	6.47-in. H.'s, 4.0 lb. r. f., 4.1-in. N., 3 T.T.
Isla de Luzon	1886	" "	185	30	164	Barreto.	15	Steel plates and towers.	3.6-in. Armstrong b. l., 2.2-in. H.'s, 2 m. g., 1.9½-in. gun, 1 m. g., 2 T.T.
Velasco	1881	Iron	210	32	173	Rebol.	14	Iron hull.	1.62-in. rifle, 4.7-in. smooth bores, 1 m. g., 3.47-in. H.'s, 2 r. f. guns, 2 m. g., 1 T.T.
General Lezo	1885	Gunboat.	145	23	98	Benaveste.	10	"	2.0 lb. r. f., 1 m. g., 2 T.T.
Marq. de Duero	1875	"	167	23	98	Morens.	10	"	No guns. Troops.
El Correo	1885	"	145	23	60	Ecuador.	10	"	
San Juan	1885	"	145	23	60	—	12	"	
Villalobos	1885	"	145	23	60	—	12	"	
Manila	1886	Transport.	145	23	60	Soldiers	—	"	

ABBREVIATIONS.—K., Krupp guns; H.'s, Hotchkiss; r.f., rapid fire; r.c., Revolving Cannon; T.T., Torpedo Tubes; m.g., machine guns; N., Nordenfild. Ten other craft used as torpedo boats and gunboats, and tugs were present.

The Battle of Manila

"From the park-encircled hill top," et seq.

Washington in the District of Columbia. The States from whence the sailors came—thus typified by their most striking conferred or natural features, or occurrences making them famous—are respectively New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Maine, California, Florida, Canada, Alaska, New Mexico, the Tropics of America, Italy, Greece, Germany, Russia, Norway, Switzerland, Great Britain and Ireland, and Turkey. Muir Glacier is the glacier alluded to. The Three Sisters are Canadian mountains overlooking several States.

"From the old sixth century city," et seq.

Various provinces of Spain. Most are named in the verses.

Pedro the Cruel slew his illegitimate brother in the Alcazar of Seville, and the chamber is exhibited to this day. The "Red Palace" is the Alhambra, about which a volume of notes could be written. Ferdinand V. conquered and began the expulsion of the Moors, the best of the population of his kingdom, and Philip II. and III. continued the expulsion; in all 3,000,000 were driven from their homes. Ferdinand also expelled the Jews. Toledo is famed for its steel and Malaga for its grapes; Madrid for its statues and paintings, and Cordova, the residence of some of the Moorish kings, for its wonderful mosque.

"Past Subig's shell'ring bay."

The fleet really entered Subig Bay to seek for MONTJOJO's fleet; it would, therefore, be more in accord with fact if this line read "*forth from*" instead of "*past*."

"In dark grey rank and file."

Our white vessels were painted a dull grey for the war-times, after a Russian idea, this color making them far less conspicuous at sea. Corregidor is the "lofty sentinel isle."

"Lights in the shell-paned windows."

In many portions of Old Manila and its suburbs large thin plates of sea-shells are inserted in the window sashes instead of glass. As all the mother-o'-pearl is seldom removed from these rudely dressed substitutes, the effect produced by it in the intense sunlight of the tropics is dazzlingly beautiful.

"And the 'Raleigh' sent an answer."

It seems positive that Count Irensky is at fault here, for while in a few instances the "*Raleigh*" is mentioned as silencing Corregidor, in the vast majority the "*Concord*" is given the credit.

"Tlascala's power," et seq.

Tlascala, a warlike State of Anahuac at the time of the Conquest. Tzompach, a rocky hill overlooking the battle-field, on which the host of XICOTENCATL, under the White Heron standard of that chieftain's house, was defeated by Cortez's half-thousand.

"The ancient stone cathedral,"

The Cathedral of Manilla is extremely antique and one of the curiosities of the city.

"Binondo's hundred peoples."

A large number of the countries of the world are represented in the inhabitants of, and resorters to, the suburb of Binondo.

"Loud uttered are the curses and wild the useless rage" et seq.

Manilla was greatly divided in its sympathies, numbers siding with the Spanish, many welcoming our advent, and still others regarding both representatives of the Caucasian race with gloomy suspicion.

"For the Yankee hogs are coming."

These are the verified utterances of the polite Don! Very much as the English belied us during the Revolution—even representing us as negroes or Indians to the common people.

"But season'd in Port Hudson's fire."

Dewey, then a sub-officer, was rowed in an open boat on the great river in the thick of the Confederate fire, and displayed conspicuous bravery during the whole action.

"Then beat the drums to quarters."

The sailors on Spanish warships are marshalled by military music.

"Two engines of destruction mann'd by the daring foe."

This was the only experience of our fleet with the enemy's torpedo-craft. It appeared strikingly to demonstrate the difficulties of a daylight approach, even amid the smoke of an engagement, of these much-vaunted destroyers to watchful and well-armed vessels. The most effectively handled of the two did not succeed in getting within 500 yards, and fire from the military masts of two vessels drove off the other.

"Iberian hearts shall treasure."

Iberia was the ancient name of Spain. The advent of the Iberians is lost in antiquity and their origin is equally vague; supposedly Eastern, however.

"Were hurled as by Porphyryon's hand."

Porphyryon was one of the gigantic Titans who, warring against the gods in the attempt to conquer Heaven, after various feats of muscular prowess, hurled the Island of Elba at the opposing divinities.

"And strong walls rose in dust clouds."

The wonderful efficacy of huge modern ordnance was fearfully displayed in almost all the attacks made by our vessels upon the Spanish fortifications. Walls vanished with all the attendant appearances of the explosion of subterranean mines, and guns, gunners, and the very rock of the foundations mingled in the débris.

The Battle of Manila

"Our craft drew off for breakfast."

This seems to be unique in the entire record of naval engagements.

"Of ours, one cut the 'Reina's' pipe."

The "*Reina Cristina*" was practically ruined at the close of the first attack when she retreated under fire. As she did so her after-boiler exploded from the penetration of a shell and tore up the greater portion of the deck above it.

"CADARSO, her staunch captain, struck by a bursting shell."

CADARSO, who fought with astonishing bravery, remained aboard, say many concerned in the battle, long after Montojo had been rowed to the "*Isla de Cuba*." The same shell that deprived him of life sent the souls of half a hundred of his crew into eternity.

"Not that the prowling monster."

Sharks are numerous in almost all Eastern harbors about the Indian Ocean and the Chinese seas, some small in size, others, like the white shark, of great magnitude and ferocity. The explosion of shells or the roar of cannon has been known in several instances to even compel them to abandon their prey.

"And superstitious terrors unnerved full many an arm."

It would be difficult to find a more superstitious people than the Spanish of all classes except perhaps the priesthood who inculcates it. Gross credulity attends upon ignorance, and but one in every three of the inhabitants of Spain are able to read and write!

"The Antonio d'Ulloa, ship of that olden time."

First reported to be the "*Juan de Austria*." But the latter only burned and sank.

"The Concord and the Petrel, the Boston and Raleigh."

The two latter could not enter the shallow harbor and finally turned back. To the little "*Petrel*" belongs almost the entire credit of the final destruction of the gunboats and damaged vessels, therein.

"As from off Lake Erie's billows in our English wars we swept."

Sept. 10, 1812. Commodore Perry defeated the British under Barclay, and remained master of the lake. Loss: Americans, 123, killed and wounded; British, 135.

"Long, Cartagena's lasses—"

Cartagena, Almeria and Cadiz are more or less flourishing seaports of Spain.

"Ten ships all burned and sunken—"

The loss to Spain has been variously estimated, probably about \$8,000,000 is nearest the truth. But far more important to her was the loss of prestige at the very beginning of the war, nothing so much chilling the ardor of soldiers and seamen as an initial defeat, and beside this, the deprival of the treasure house of her kingdom, the Philippines.

" Oh ! of deeds of ghastly daring performed upon the sea " et seq.

The victory of EURIBIADES and THEMISTOCLES, commanders of the Grecians at Salamis, cost the victors but few ships and lives. That of LYSANDER, the Spartan, was more a butchery than a battle, for, after deceiving the Athenian generals into heedlessness of menace, by repeated threatenings of attack which eventuated in nothing, he suddenly precipitated his whole forces upon them when most of the soldiers of their triremes were on shore. Most of the Athenian youth captured were cold-bloodedly executed. MORGAN lost few men in his daring raid on Maracaibo, while the Spanish mortality was more than several hundred, despite their large fleet and castle. At Trafalgar, in which the French fleet was all but annihilated, the loss of life was very great on both sides, and in the conflict at Navarino the English and allies did not sweep the Turks from the waters without suffering a loss of 179 killed themselves.

Nor did the French, in destroying the fleet of China in the Min River, escape scathless. But in this victory in Manila Bay we behold nearly 1800 opposed to about 2500 men, and the ships and forts of the latter totally destroyed without the *loss of a life* to the former. It is unparalleled in history !

" The islands which MAGELLAN gave to Charles the Fifth of Spain."

MAGELLANOS (or MAGALHAENS) discovered the Philippines in 1521, and raised the flag of Spain upon them. Subsequently he was slain in an encounter with the natives of Matan, his, therefore, being the first Caucasian blood outpoured on the soil of these so long misgoverned islands.

" Now leave them to their free rule."

This is indeed a noble admonition to our country. The United States is embarking on an entirely novel and perilous policy in coercing the Filipinos and instituting a colonial system in the islands in Eastern waters, so near those Powers which bear such strained relations to each other on account of jealousies aroused by the continual forcible annexations of portions of China, feebly concealed under lengthy "leases" and dubious "concessions." What will be its outcome is difficult to conceive. Time alone will show. It may be one of the great civilizing steps indirectly ordained by the mysterious power directing the universe, to blend together the peoples of the earth, and utterly erase the barbarian and semi-civilized nations. It is not the intention of this poem to attack the Government, but to glorify the victory of Manila, which has at any rate demonstrated the virility of our people, the value of our navy and the weakness of a nation under the domination of bigotry and superstition, opposed to Free Thought and Progress.

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